

inconcinnus deformem by **handydandynotebook**

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Billy Hargrove's Mother

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Summary:

Mom looks him up and down from her court of pillows upon the couch, curling and uncurling a lock of blonde around her finger.

“Only ten and already this tall. Jesus, puberty’s gonna hit you like a truck. I can tell. You’re gonna be big like Dad...you’re not gonna have his ugly mug though. You’re gonna stay pretty like me.”

Billy hopes so. He doesn’t want to look like Dad. He doesn’t want to be anything like Dad at all.

1. Chapter 1

“You think I’m pretty, don’t you, Billy?”

“Yes, Mom.”

“Bullshit, you sly dog,” she scoffs, somewhere between bitter and amused. “I look a sight and I damn well know it. Dad did a real number on me this time.”

Mom gingerly probes at her broken nose, doesn’t wince even though Billy’s sure it still hurts, skin puffy and bruised, dried blood crusted around the cut across the bridge.

“No, I mean it, Mom. You’re still pretty to me,” he says, offers a smile in an attempt to make her feel better.

“Oh, you little liar...well, not so little anymore. Really shot up like a beansprout, huh, bud? How old are you gonna be this year?”

“Eleven.”

“That’s right.” Mom looks him up and down from her court of pillows upon the couch, curling and uncurling a lock of blonde around her finger. “Only ten and already this tall. Jesus, puberty’s gonna hit you like a truck. I can tell. You’re gonna be big like Dad...you’re not gonna have his ugly mug though. You’re gonna stay pretty like me.”

Billy hopes so. He doesn’t want to look like Dad. He doesn’t want to be anything like Dad at all.

“Bet my life the girls are gonna be all over you.” Mom clucks her tongue, split lips twitching wily at the corners. “You remember what I taught you about pleasing girls, huh?”

Billy’s blood runs cold, spine tingling as his skin goes prickly like hairy spider legs. Mom has that look in her eyes again and his heart rate quickens. He doesn’t want to. He knows he owes her. Dad punched her in the face because of him, after all. The team lost the game because of him and Dad was gonna whoop him for it, but Mom stepped in before he could. She took it all instead.

So he owes her. Billy knows he owes her because she loves him and she needs his love, the gentle love Dad won't give her. But he really, really doesn't want to.

"C'mere, Billy." Mom extends a hand and wiggles her fingers, beckoning him over.

He doesn't want to. But two of those fingers are eggplant bruised and taped together, the ones Dad slammed in the door and it happened because of him. Because she protected him. Mom takes care of him. So Billy should take care of her too, he knows he should.

His stomach is churning but he pads over anyway. Because she looks at him with love. Because it's the right thing to do. Sits down on the cushion beside her, thigh to thigh, swallows softly in anticipation.

"Your dad doesn't know shit about making girls feel good, but I'll be damned if I don't teach you a thing or two. Get you nice and prepared before you become that handsome heartbreaker I just know you're gonna be..."

Mom says these things and he supposes he is learning something. But he knows it's for her too. Just as much as it is for him. Thigh to thigh, Billy feels the need pulsing through her skin. He isn't the only one who takes things away from these lessons.

Mom strokes the back of her hand over his cheek and shivers run down his back. She gently cups his chin as she unites their lips. Billy kisses her back even though he wants to gag, sucks her tongue as it plunges between his teeth.

His stomach flips and his heart does strange things in his chest. Mom takes his hand and guides it between her legs and then her lips are soft against his ear but his mouth is still slick with her spit. She moves his fingers the way they're supposed to move and she says she's teaching him, but Billy's mind is a whirlwind. He can't actually hang onto the words she murmurs as her breath quickens, fans warm across his skin. Hopefully it'll become muscle memory because he'll never remember the instructions even if that's what he's being given.

Eventually his hand is slippery under his mother's, his fingers pruned

like they would be after a long day at the beach. Mom's eyes are muzzy but she's smiling and Billy finds it in himself to smile back. He doesn't enjoy these lessons any more than he enjoys the lessons from Dad's belt but he loves her. He loves her so, so much and that's enough, isn't it?

God, let it be enough.

2. Chapter 2

Billy never expects to see his mother again. But he does, in Texas of all places, nibbling on bar peanuts under the stuffed armadillo mounted on the wall. She's older, hair shorter, not quite as thick as in was in the picture he kept, but it's definitely her.

Her eyes light up when she turns his way and Billy's heart leaps when he thinks this means she recognizes him too. Then she's flirting. She is flirting and she doesn't recognize him at all.

Of course she doesn't. He looks a lot different than he did twelve years ago. Bigger and broader, hair down to his shoulders, the texture of his puckered scars pressing through the thin cotton of the muscle tank. He's got facial hair and a dangling earring, nick in his brow, so of course she doesn't recognize his face.

After a few heartbeats of hesitation, Billy flirts back. He puts a hand on her shoulder and doesn't let it shake even though his guts feel like they're going through the grinder. His mother doesn't recognize his face, but maybe she'll recognize his fingers once they're slicking her up just like she taught him to. Once they're inside and pumping her full of pleasure like Neil never could. When he'll draw them out slow and lick off her nectar with long, dreamy strokes of his tongue.

He never liked the lessons as a kid but he can't deny she taught him well. Billy's great in the sack. Never rolled around with anybody he couldn't get to scream. He feels like he's going to vomit but he plasters a winning smile over it and invites his mother back to his hotel room because at this point, well, what else is there to do. He doesn't want to lose her again.